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Aug. 12.

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#### THE SCOURGE

E PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK, BY

M. BUTLER,

Office in Devonshire Street, in the room over  
Messrs. Wighams & Co., opposite

# THE



By TIM TOUCHSTONE, Esq.

# SCOURGE.

No. 4.]

WEAK MEN DEMAND OUR PITY—BAD MEN DESERVE OUR STRIPES.—Touch.

[Vol. I.]

BOSTON,  
Wednesday, September 4, 1811.

## Second Edition.

### PRIVATE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NA- POLEON BONAPARTE.

[By LEWIS GOLDSMITH, a gentleman, long a resident  
at Paris.]

[Continued.]

Immediately after Kleber's death, Tallien was sent  
home under arrest; fortunately for him, he was made  
prisoner by one of our cruisers, and brought over to  
England: had not that been the case, he would have  
been shot on his arrival at Toulon, where a military  
commission was ordered to try him for attempting to  
excite mutiny in the French army in Egypt. The favor-  
able reception which Tallien met with in England, caus-  
ed Bonaparte to depart from his first intentions respect-  
ing him, "as the first Consul did not deem it prudent to  
shoot a man who was well received (*bien accueilli*) by  
the friends of France in England."

General Dessaix was not so fortunate. On his arrival  
in France, he was informed of Bonaparte's departure for  
Italy. Carat who was then the war minister, immedi-  
ately appointed him to command the reserve, which ar-  
my had already left Dijon under the command of Gen-  
eral Victor. This appointment was far from being a-  
greeable to Bonaparte, as he was informed by Menou,  
that Dessaix had been in the plot with Kleber, Regnier  
and Tallien, to denounce him on their arrival in France  
as an atrocious murderer and deserter! But as it was  
he was determined to avail himself of the opportunity  
which now presented of making away with him.

Dessaix's two aids-de-camp were Rapp and Savary:  
the latter was selected by Bonaparte to perpetrate the  
horrid deed. When Dessaix was in the midst of the  
hottest fire of the enemy, he received a shot from be-  
hind, and was stabbed in the back between the should-  
ers, and he instantly fell.

It has been industriously circulated, that when dying,  
he made use of these words: "Go and tell the first Con-  
sul that I die with regret, for not having signalized  
myself sufficiently to have my name transmitted to pos-  
terity."

These words were never uttered by Dessaix: the as-  
sassin had too effectually accomplished his object to allow  
time to his victim to say much! Every officer who was  
in the field of battle, knew that Dessaix was not wound-  
ed in front.

Immediately after the murder, Savary and Rapp  
were appointed by Bonaparte to be his aids-de-camp.  
I have however, never heard it asserted that Rapp was  
privy to the murder.

It is a known fact, that before Dessaix came up Bo-  
naparte had nearly lost the battle of Marengo; I have  
it from good authority that the retreat had been beaten  
four times; and that Bonaparte surrounded by his gen-  
erals was crying like a child. At this moment Dessaix  
came up with a corps de reserve: he rushed into the  
fight and turned the tide. When the report of his death  
was made to Bonaparte, the hypocrite said, "why can-  
not I weep?"

To this day the greatest offence that can be given  
to Bonaparte, is to mention in his presence the name of  
Dessaix; yet such is the high esteem in which the me-  
mory of this young hero was held by the people, that  
the hypocrite thought fit to order a statue to be erect-  
ed in honour of him: not a statue of marble but in  
plaster of Paris, which is placed in the centre of a small  
court, opposite to the Palais de Justice, now dignified  
by the name of Place Dessaix.

A similar farce was adopted to perpetuate the memo-  
ry of Kleber; but the Parisians are not blinded by these  
mockeries. It is the general opinion that both Kleber  
and Dessaix were assassinated by the order of Napoleon.

I have conducted this wonder of the world to the  
field of battle; I will now offer a few observations on  
his military talents.

Men in general are dazzled by the view of his mili-  
tary operations, because they judge merely by the result.  
This mode of reasoning is not fair, because his oppo-  
nents have not now nor never had equal advantages with  
him, or with other commanders of the revolutionary  
French armies.

If Bonaparte had to command a Russian, an Austri-  
an, or a Prussian army, I am well convinced that he  
never would be as successful as a Charles, a Hennigsen,

or a Blucher: his talents are inferior, but his means  
have been and are much greater.

As to his administrative talents, it is generally admit-  
ted that he is not at all acquainted with that necessary  
branch of government. Whenever a subject of political  
economy, commercial regulation, or finance, is discussed  
in the council of state, he generally sits yawning, some-  
times he sleeps, looks at a newspaper or pamphlet and  
will often converse with one of the members who sits  
near to him, and if he has any personal dislike to the  
man who is speaking, he will call out to him "well,  
have you almost done?"

He is represented as possessing extensive literary ac-  
quirements; on this point I can advance without fear  
of contradiction, that he cannot write as good French  
as a school boy. I have seen his hand writing in the  
marginal notes to translations from the English news-  
papers, that appear occasionally in the *Moniteur*, but  
which are always corrected by Maret, his Secrétaire  
d'Etat. His own style is like that of a Savoyard.

In private conversation he makes use of language fit  
only to be held in a corps de garde, the words F—  
and B— are ever issued from his mouth; when he  
aims at wit, he is merely insolent and affronting; his  
slavish courtiers however laugh to make him believe  
they admire his superior accomplishments.

His irritability and violence are beyond description;  
he is known in his paroxysms to have broken porcelain  
vases of great value; in his fits of passion he kicks those  
about him; he runs about the room foaming, raging  
and sweating like a mad boy. His favourite expression  
is "Je le veux!" Sic volo, vix jubeo, stet pro ratione  
voluntas. On this he always lays great emphasis; like  
Caligula, he says "there is nothing in my nature with  
which I am so much pleased as my inflexible rigour."  
—Like Caligula too, he has said, "Remember that  
all things are lawful to me."

Even in his lucid intervals without being angry,  
but merely for his amusement, he used to pinch his Jose-  
phine to that degree, that the impression of his fingers  
on her body has been visible for days.

Vain of his person, he is fond of showing himself in  
public; but conscious of his crimes, he takes care to  
be always well guarded. It is impossible for language  
to convey an adequate idea of his fears and apprehen-  
sions of assassination. Facts however may throw some  
light upon the subject.

He met not long since in the corridor of the Thuil-  
leries, Madame Despaux, milliner to the empress, who  
resides in Paris in the Rue Grammont. This woman had  
been sent for about midnight with orders to bring with  
her some masquerade dresses, &c. for her Imperial Ma-  
jesty and her Majesty of Holland. It was dark in the  
corridor, and the woman mistook her way: unfortu-  
nately for her she was met by Bonaparte; he had not  
a clear view of her: he was so much alarmed that he called  
out for lights, guards, &c. He fainted, and in rage  
ordered the woman to be sent to prison for six months,  
saying "J'en suis quitte pour la peur." This anecdote  
is known to all Paris.

As to the triviality of his character, it will be sufficient  
to state the singular attention he pays to his wife's dress-  
es. This may appear ridiculous, and may not meet  
with immediate belief: the fact however is known to  
all Paris. She is obliged to consult him on the different  
dresses which she is to wear on particular occasions.  
When he was at Vienna in 1805, he ordered Josephine  
to meet him at Munich, and he positively pointed out  
to her what dresses she must bring with her!

Very lately Madame Joseph Bonaparte was not dress-  
ed according to his fancy! he made her go home and  
put on another dress, saying that she looked more like  
a milliner's girl than a queen. Not a femme de chambre,  
could his ci-devant empress engage unless approved of  
him—I do not think that either Alexander or Caesar  
occupied themselves thus! but he is neither Alexander  
nor Caesar; he is only Napoleon Bonaparte.

He is without any religion, but he is extremely super-  
stitious; he believes fortune tellers more than he does  
the gospel. He has even had his fortune told by a well  
known woman in Paris, who predicted to Madame  
Josephine that she once would wear a crown but that  
she would have a bad end!

#### FRAGMENT.

O gracious! O gracious!—Is he dead? Nay, but  
cruelly wounded by a paper bullet—discharged from  
a *Bunderlass*, by an unprincipled tool of party. Poor  
man! The shock had well nigh destroyed that fortitude  
which he so gloriously displayed, while an officer of a

regiment—he turned as white as a *turnip*, and for some  
time had not the force of a *man of wood*;—but it is  
hoped, by the application of hartshorn, or vinegar to  
his nose and forehead, and the tender solicitude and  
advice of his female relations, he will be enabled to re-  
cover from this very serious accident. It is presumed  
he will resume his wonted *courage*, after he has again re-  
commended himself to the protection of his master, by  
paying implicit obedience to his will.

The following letter, directed designedly to a person,  
not the editor of the Scourge, and received through the  
medium of the Post Office, would not thus have been  
noticed, had it not by comparison, appeared to be in  
the hand writing of Isaac Munroe, one of the sapient print-  
ers of the Patriot. It is a paradox that he should enter-  
tain such sentiments of his brother editor, as his remarks  
seem to intimate: but, none, that he should descend to  
practise such contemptible tricks.

"In the last Chronicle in an address to Francis Blake,  
Esq. Ben Austin tells us, that the writings of Honestus  
are the most popular publications that have ever ap-  
peared in Massachusetts. I think, Mr Editor, this is no  
small compliment for Ben Austin to pay himself. To  
correct and honorable minds, the writings of Honestus  
were like his present writings, considered the offscour-  
ings of the earth, and just fit to load the dull and mud-  
dy columns of the Chronicle."

Anticipated appointment. —Abraham Quincy, we  
understand, has been appointed reinspector of Flour,  
for this town and vicinity. This office is newly institut-  
ed, for two reasons: First to detect the fraudulent prac-  
tice of imposing fine Flour on the public for *Superfine*.  
Second, that he has procured the necessary brands at  
his own expence.

From the Ticker.

#### THE RECONCILIATION.

BONY.

While you and tall Tom, with his flexible face,  
Play'd into my hands with such courtier-like grace,  
While your dollars by millions, uncensur'd I stole,  
O how did I bless you, my sweet little soul!

MISS MADISONIA SHUFFLE.

Before you became such a turbulent scold,  
And to all my affection you show'd yourself cold,  
Before you denounc'd me a jilt and a liar,  
For you I'd have rush'd thro' water and fire.

BONY.

Now Austria all my affection engrosses,  
Her love makes amends for my curs'd Spanish crosses,  
I care not a damn for your love or your hate,  
John Bull, if he chooses, may make you his mate.

MISS M.

Why then, Mr. Bony, since thus you abuse me;  
And spite of my love thus flout and ill-use me,  
I'll straightway repair to honest John Bull,  
You know how he whimpers and sighs like a fool.

BONY.

But why should not you and your Bony be friends?  
With kisses and squeezes I'll make you amends,  
For the blows and the kicks that I gave you before,  
And swear, 'till next time, I will beat you no more.

MISS M.

Though John is so kind, so obliging, so civil,  
You ugly and cruel and proud as the devil,  
I gladly would stab him, and laugh in my sleeve,  
At the fools whom our arts diplomatic deceive.

**THE SCOURGE.**  
BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1811.

Subscribers to this paper, who have paid the advance, are desired to call at Mr. C. Williams's store and receive it again. As the existence of this paper will naturally depend on the contributions of many, who have leisure and inclination, it is thought proper to have no subscribers, that there may be no obligation on the part of the editor to the public. The Scourge will in future be published as often as sufficient matter is collected to fill the columns, and the numbers to be disposed of singly.

The writer of the communication respecting the Whig Club is informed that his name is known by the initials impressed on the seal. His attachment to the democratic party, we should have thought unquestionable, had we not been previously informed, that he, as it is expected of all reasonable and reflecting men, is now sensible of their base intrigues and ruinous proceedings. His motives are therefore considered honorable;—his name, if he requests it, shall be kept secret.

A poetical communication is received, but cannot be inserted. It lacks two essential qualifications—measure and wit.

FOR THE SCOURGE.

Mr. Touchstone,

One who is well acquainted with the secret manoeuvres of the democrats, begs leave to expose the system which has been adopted by them to carry all their measures, and to influence the governor in his nominations of men to offices. Certain characters have leagued themselves together, and formed themselves into a Society, much like the old Jacobin Society, which our beloved Washington publicly and pointedly denounced, and have assumed the appellation of the WHIG CLUB. The members, who live in Boston and the towns in the vicinity, meet at each others' houses regularly every week, to consult upon measures to be adopted by the supreme executive, and the legislature when in session. These plans are sent to the governor by their organs Dr. Hill and Benj. Homans secretary of the state: and their communications to the legislature caucussed by Dana and King: and every measure pursued by both departments of government originates from this club, alias *Imperium in Imperio*, if I may be allowed the expression.

The first nomination of every candidate for any office in the Commonwealth must proceed from this little self-created Club; and unless recommended by what they term the Central Committee, he is not sure to succeed, however correct his democratic principles may be, or however capacitated to execute the duties of the office. Favouritism and connection are the great criterions upon which qualifications are predicated. Here follow the names of the members of this extraordinary *Assemblage*, as far as I have been able accurately to ascertain.

- \* Henry Dearborn, Collector.
- \* Thomas Melville, Surveyor.
- \* Samuel Dana, President of the Senate.
- \* Aaron Hill, Post Master, Counsellor, and Director of a Bank.
- \* James Prince, Marshall, and one of the overseers of State Prison.
- David Tilden, a worthy, inoffensive Deacon.
- Perez Morton, Attorney General.
- George Blake, District Attorney.
- John Brazier, a gentleman of profound erudition.
- William King, a new convert to democracy.
- Thomas Harris, late treasurer.
- Loring Austin, the present treasurer.
- Benj. Austin, Loan Officer, and director of a Bank.
- James T. Austin, County Attorney, and an overseer of State Prison.
- Matthew Bridge, a Charlestown man, &c. Senator.
- Benj. Homans, Secretary of State.
- Ebenezer Larkin, Bookseller.
- William Little, prize of English goods, and director of a Bank.
- Major Stetson, a great land speculator, and director of a Bank.

The governor is now a cypher, and completely in leading strings.

\* The names with this mark are the Central Committee.  
† And is now making great exertion to be appointed inspector general of Butter and Lard.

THE OBSERVER AND HIS FRIEND.

No V.

[Continued from the Chronicle of Sept. 5.]

I told you in my last that I would give you some further sketches of the most noted democrats in this town, whose peculiar characters have of late commanded public notice. The whole will be to much for a single letter; you may therefore expect a course of letters till the whole is detailed.

You know something of DAVID TURNCOAT. His name designates his character. It seems to have been given for that design, according to the custom of the most ancient nations. Whether it was prophetically given, as many of those names were among the Hebrews, or whether his name was changed after he had discovered this disposition, is to me unknown. But as this is a trifling circumstance compared with many others connected with his career in life, I will not keep you a moment from taking a full view of him.

It is certain that he early discovered symptoms of a disposition to change his mind with every change of wind. Soon after leaving college he dabbled in politics, and was a noisy federalist. He published in *The Farmer's Museum*, at Walpole, a series of essays entitled *Common Sense in Disobedience*, which he afterwards published in a volume. The following passage from one of the essays seems to have been prophetic, and his own life has been a proof of the truth of his prediction.

"There is no country that opens so wide a field for talents and ambition as our own. A frequent change of habits and opinions is the natural consequence. An exchange of a situation tolerably good, for another in itself preferable, is frequently an injury to him who makes it: and continual alterations of opinion commonly terminate in no opinion at all."

Soon after this David was found in Boston, where, being out of employment and frequently out of bread, the publishers of the *Boston Gazette* took compassion on him, and for some small services in selecting materials for the paper, he was rewarded with meat and drink, and probably now and then a little change; for not long after he was known to have a new coat. He was now frequently seen at the gaming table and was no doubt successful; for he devoted so much of his time to it, that he was found to be very unserviceable to his patrons, and was accordingly set aside.

I am not able to cite the precise time at which he was admitted to the bar: but soon after that event he removed to a village in New-Hampshire, and took the management of a newspaper. As it was not positively known which political party was the strongest in this and the adjacent towns, David published what he called a *neutral paper*; that is one page devoted to the praise of Mr. Jefferson and his measures, and the other *vice versa*. It soon appeared that democracy was gaining the ascendancy, and David of course followed the current, till he and his paper were as mean and filthy as any democrat could wish.

Whether it was from disagreement with his printer, or some other cause, I know not, but David after a few years returned to Boston, and once more joined the Federal phalanx, and volunteered his services to go through the hottest part of the battle. He wrote a long and most elaborate essay on the law of nations, the rights of belligerents, and the rights of neutrals, which was rejected by the printer to whom it was offered for publication. David immediately went home, raving and swearing, turned his coat inside out, and went into State Street, as blood thirsty a democrat as ever cried, Long live Napoleon!

Finding that pettifoggery was not lucrative, he published the prospectus of a new democratic paper, and advertised for a printer. An apostate federalist was found, to join with him, and they now publish a paper devoted entirely to the advancement of the 'supremacy of Napoleon.' David's services in this new employment procured him from our democratic legislature the office of Notary Public: but the perquisites being rather small, on account of the decline of commerce, by embargoes and non-intercourses, Gov. Gerry has given him the office of Reporter to the Legislature, but with what emoluments is not known.

It is expected that David is about turning to something else, for he has lately declared explicitly that "lying is no longer a profitable trade in Boston." This suspicion is also further confirmed, by his having lately published "A Demonstration of the Divinity of Scripture," &c. "by a layman;" in which he has proved as clearly as that three blue beans make five white ones, that Messrs. Madison, Colvin, & Co. are designated in the Apocalypse by the symbol of the *Man Child* who is soon to be "exalted to heaven." If this work indicates he is turning his thoughts to theological studies, he will no doubt soon be a candidate for Chaplain to the General Court, or one of the invincible gun-boats.

Very remarkable occurrences.—The President has broke his leg, and the honorable Mr. Gannet has broke jail! And should the democratic bawlers succeed in bringing on a war, it is expected some heads will be broke.

Mr. Smith blackened the character of a "GREAT and GOOD man at the head of affairs;" Mr. Pinkney has endeavoured to *white wash* it. In return for which the "great man" will certainly *rub off* the sheepish appearance which has for a long time adhered to the character of a certain minister, and *gloss* it over with 3,500 *shiners* per ann.

Del. Statesman.

NAPOLEON'S BIRTH DAY.

We extremely regret the necessity we are under of dividing the account of this important celebration with which an obliging democratic patron has so kindly furnished us. If the volunteer toast or toasts of any very distinguished characters shall have been omitted, we hope he will forward us a copy without delay.

Regular Toasts continued.

The INFANT KING OF ROME; may he emulate the virtues of his IMPERIAL PAPA.

3 times 3 squeaks.  
Music—Lullaby baby on the tree top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
If the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,  
And down tumble cradle—and baby—and all.

WILLIAM PINCKNEY; a prodigal son, long used to riotous living, but who has returned from aristocratical sheep-shearing, to eat husks with republican swine. Squeaks and grunts so melodiously mingled, that it was almost impossible to count them accurately—say a Baker's dozen—note by Abraham Quincy, Esq.

Hon. Barzillai Gannet—a prey to party persecution, The raging rocks,  
And shivering shocks,  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates

The immortal memory of Thomas Paine, author of "the age of reason".

Solemn dirge, on two fish horns, and a conch shell. The State of Virginia: among whose caverns and fastnesses, the philosophic Jefferson found a safe retreat amid the horrors of surrounding war. An audiblesqueak. Song—Had I a cave.

Our fisheries; may they continue nurseries for seamen, till His Majesty shall have completed one hundred and fifty ships of the line, for mutual protection.

Grand discharge from gunboat, No. 199. Canada; torn from France by a Wolf, may our dogs of war soon reclaim it for its true owners.

2½ squeaks.  
Louisiana; loaned us by Napoleon, till he can conveniently take care of it; may we be faithful stewards to a master who loves us.

VOLUNTEERS.

The volunteers were very numerous and partook of the patriotic spirit and elegant refinement which might be expected from so dignified an assemblage.

By the Honorable President.

Immortal Mars—may he speedily direct the thunder-bolt of American vengeance against the bosom of the nation of shopkeepers.

6 grunts. Music, God of War.

By the 1st Vice President.

The Essex Junto; may the slow poison of disappointment *wear all the flesh from their bones*, and may they be *spit upon* by every democrat who can muster courage for the daring deed.

3 grunts.

Music—God save the Guillotine.

By the 2d Vice President.

Embargo, Non-Intercourse, and Non-Importation acts; may they be repeated and continued, till every public spy and informer becomes rich on the ruins of commerce.

6 grunts.

By Capt. Job Drew.

May the souls of all the Federals soon be *ripped out*, Music—A cobbler there was

By the Hon. Mr. Tuttle.

The Federal fever, which can never be cured, except by *bleeding*.

Rapturous applause.

By Judge Vinall.

A more perfecter system of *learning*—as the poet says Drink deep, or taste not the *peruvian* spring.

This toast caused great murmurs—Mr. Clough rose to make a lengthy speech. "He thought that *learning* had too much encouragement already—that the d—d Essex Junto might be put down as soon as there wasn't no more *learning*."—He was followed on the same side by Thomas Webb, Esq. in a speech mild and moderate, but forcible and dignified. Judge Vinall assured the gentlemen that when the government of Harvard College should be wrested from the hands of the Junto and the Jesuit, and HE assumed the Presidential chair of this venerable institution, Mr. Clough should receive the Professor of Oratory, and Capt Webb should be appointed Professor of the Learned Languages, on which both the gentlemen kindly consented to drink the toast.

Song—Song of Science; written by Dr. Noyes.

Charles P. Sumner, Esq. observed he should give a toast "harmless enough," and he hoped it would be drank without hesitancy.

Correctness of political opinion, which consists in obedience to the powers that be.

Music—Vicar of Bray.

By Hon. Dr. Spring.

New-England Spirit; may it flow inexhaustible, cheering the hearts of all true disciples of democracy.

Half pint bumpers.  
Song—Whiskey so frisky, dear liquor of fun.

By Ebenezer Clough,

The memory of Dr. Charles Jarvis doctor meant to compliment me or r applause prevented the remainder of being distinctly heard.

By Hon. Mr. Seave

The seat of Justice; may it ever be learning and experience.

By Asaph Churchill,

May tyranny be banished from our and the enquiry "is he honest is he ed to Judges) no longer be considered respecting practitioners at the bar.

By David Everett, Esq.

AMERICAN POLITICS; unconnected jations, which cause a deterioration of ciples, whose tendency, uninterrupted position, proceed in a path luminous a ted, and will reach the achine of perfected by commercial interestness partizan ferocity.

After an interval of silent asp pervaded the whole circle, an ex sublime effusion was called for by itor of the Chronicle—But Mr. and it is very much to be feared be a renewed bickering between litical luminaries, whose rays sh concentrated to enlighten the public

By Dr. Noyes, poet laureate to the MOUNT PERNICIOUS; may no votar gather nettles instead of nosegays on it

Chorus—C

By Jesse Putnam, Esq.

The newly invented Patent Balance turned by the twentieth part of a grain.

By Judge Davis (of Nookka S Perdition to the fool who called Britain of the world!—Blast their eyes!

2 grunts

By Captain Samuel Hew

The glorious days of the French re gave birth to the Boston Jacobin Club, c association is an important extension.

9 grunts a

Music, A captain bold

Then followed Recitations of select pa Jacobinai by Ebenezer Larkin, Esq., i

By John Kuhn, Esq.

May the Federal Banks all be *seceded* committee to distribute *sheers* in the Ma (of which I am one) be as sharp as a ne ceedings. 9 grunts. Music, The done

By Capt. Thomas Webb

Marblehead; that truly patriotic tow treat of all the gentler virtues and gr *Toule* of science and civilization.

Female—on th

If certain *twistical* politicians, who alw current, and are fonder of office than of bo following letter without confusion or per must be as devoid of feeling as they are of

From the Virginia Patriot.

TO WILLIAM PINCKNEY,

I am a young man, sir, just escaped from sity and now am entering into the theat world. I have yet taken no part in poli that I stand in need of advice. My dete be a statesman, and at all risks to rise. I propose as a model? I have thought of Adams and yourself as the two most emi fiant examples. — He has been a professor, in one of the northern universities, but of w learned; though I presume of Policy and tion. I have been informed that most of northward who are able to give their sons cation are of federal politics; and as fede in the back ground, and young men have chance of rising who embrace those pri found necessary to have a professor who them to rise, let who would govern.

He is at a distance, and it will be inc me to place myself under his tuition: I pose, sir, spending a few years with you — was a tory at the commencement of our r discovered that the whigs were becoming merous, and he gradually wheeled round, tained an appointment, by which he a wealth before peace took place. Previo tion of the Federal Constitution he was i enemy and in the convention of this state all his might. As soon however as he d must be adopted he became a warm adv before it went into operation wrote a long eral Washington assuring that great and his opinions were entirely changed; that t prehended were all vanished, and that he it with all his might: at the same time opposition to it rather to the eloquence of ry than to a due consideration of its m as the Constitution went into operation, C ton appointed him to a lucrative office, during his administration.—He happene ly to be a partizan of Jefferson during the tion between him and Adams in 1796—

## NAPOLEON'S BIRTH DAY.

Only regret the necessity we are under of doing account of this important celebration with blighting democratic patron has so kindly furnished the volunteer toast or toasts of any very d characters shall have been omitted, we hope ward us a copy without delay.

### Regular Toasts continued.

ANT KING OF ROME; may he emulate the IS IMP—ARIAL PAPA.

3 times 3 squeaks.  
laby baby on the tree top,  
when the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
the bough brakes, the cradle will fall,  
downtumble cradle—and baby—and all.

A PINKNEY; a prodigal son, long used to ing, but who has returned from aristocratic ing, to eat husks with republican swine.  
squeaks and grunts so melodiously mingled, that it was almost impossible to count them accurately—say a Baker's dozen—note by Abraham Quincy, Esq.

rrillai Gannet—a prey to party persecution,  
The raging rocks,  
And shivering shoeks,  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison gates

mortal memory of Thomas Paine, author of of reason".  
on dirge, on two fish horns, and a conch shell.  
e of Virginia: among whose caverns and fast-  
philosophic Jefferson found a safe retreat a-  
rriors of surrounding war. An audible squeak.  
Song—Had I a cave.

heries; may they continue nurseries for sea-  
His Majesty shall have completed one hundred  
ips of the line, for mutual protection.  
Grand discharge from gunboat, No. 199.  
; torn from France by a Wolf, may our dogs  
on reclaim it for its true owners.

2½ squeaks.  
ana; loaned us by Napoleon, till he can con-  
take care of it; may we be faithful stewards  
er who loves us.

17 grunts.

### VOLUNTEERS.

unteers were very numerous and partook of  
ic spirit and elegant refinement which might  
d from so dignified an assemblage.

By the Honorable President.  
al Mars—may he speedily direct the thunder-  
merican vengeance against the bosom of the  
shopkeepers.

6 grunts. Music, God of War.  
By the 1st Vice President.  
ex Junto; may the slow poison of disappoint-  
all the flesh from their bones, and may they be  
every democrat who can muster courage for  
deed.

3 grunts.  
Music—God save the Guillotine.  
By the 2d Vice President.

o, Non-Intercourse, and Non-Importation  
they be repeated and continued, till every  
and informer becomes rich on the ruins of

6 grunts.  
By Capt. Job Drew.

scale of all the Federals soon be rift out,  
Music—A cobbler there was.  
By the Hon. Mr. Tuttle.

eral fever, which can never be cured, except

Rapturous applause.  
By Judge Vinall.

perfecter system of learning—as the poet says  
deep, or taste not the peruvian spring.

st caused great murmurs—Mr. Clough rose  
emphatically. "He thought that learning  
ach encouragement already—that the d—d  
might be put down as soon as there wasn't  
ing."—He was followed on the same side by  
bb, Esq. in a speech mild and moderate, but for-  
ified. Judge Vinall assured the gentlemen  
he government of Harvard College should  
rom the hands of the Junto and the Jesuit, and  
d the Presidential chair of this venerable in-  
n. Clough should receive the Professor of  
d Capt Webb should be appointed Profess-  
arn Languages, on which both the gen-  
ly consented to drink the toast.

—Song of Science; written by Dr. Noyes.  
P. Sumner, Esq. observed he should give a  
nless enough," and he hoped it would be  
ut hesitancy.

ss of political opinion, which consists in o-  
he powers that be.

Music—Vicar of Bray.

By Hon. Dr. Spring.  
land Spirit; may it flow inexhaustible,  
hearts of all true disciples of democracy.  
Half pint bumpers.  
Whiskey so frisky, dear liquor of fun.

By Ebenezer Clough, Esq.

The memory of Dr. Charles Jarvis—"Whether the  
doctor meant to compliment me or no"—herebursts of  
applause prevented the remainder of the sentiment from  
being distinctly heard.

By Hon. Mr. Seaver.

The seat of Justice; may it ever be filled with talents,  
learning and experience. A squeak.

By Asaph Churchill, Esq.

May tyranny be banished from our courts of justice,  
and the enquiry "is he honest is he capable," (if extend-  
ed to Judges) no longer be considered necessary re-  
specting practitioners at the bar. 2 squeaks.

By David Everett, Esq.

AMERICAN POLITICS; unconnected with those affil-  
iations, which cause a deterioration of those pure prin-  
ciples, whose tendency, uninterrupted by chaotic inter-  
position, proceed in a path luminous and unsophistica-  
ted, and will reach the achme of perfectability, if unim-  
peded by commercial interestedness or overweening  
partizan fervidity.

After an interval of silent astonishment which  
pervaded the whole circle, an explanation of this  
sublime effusion was called for by the envious edi-  
tor of the Chronicle—But Mr. E. had retired,  
and it is very much to be feared that there will  
be a renewed bickering between these two po-  
litical luminaries, whose rays should be ever con-  
centrated to enlighten the public mind.

By Dr. Noyes, poet laureate to the Association.

Mount Parnassus; may no votary of the Muses  
gather nettles instead of nosegays on its descent.

A pause

Chorus—Glorious Apollo.

By Jesse Putnam, Esq.

The newly invented Patent Balance, which can be  
turned by the twentieth part of a grain. 2 squeaks.

By Judge Davis (of Nooka Sound.)

Perdition to the fool who called Britain one of the eyes  
of the world!—Blast their eyes!  
2 grunts and 3 squeaks.

By Captain Samuel Hewes.

The glorious days of the French revolution, which  
gave birth to the Boston Jacobin Club, of which this as-  
sociation is an important extension.

9 grunts and 5 squeaks.

Music, A captainbold, in Halifax.

Then followed Recitations of select passages from the  
Jacobinad by Ebenezer Larkin, Esq. in his best style.

By John Kuhn, Esq.

May the Federal Banks all be *scrowed up*, and may the  
committee to distribute *sheers* in the Mammoth Bank,  
(of which I am one) be as sharp as a *needle* in their pro-  
ceedings. 9 grunts. Music, The done over Taylors.

By Capt. Thomas Webb.

Marblehead; that truly patriotic town, that calm re-  
treat of all the gentler virtues and graces, the *ultima*  
*Taupe* of science and civilization. 3 grunts.

Finale—on the Conch Shell.

If certain *twistical* politicians, who always go with the  
current, and are fonder of *office* than of *honor*, can read the  
following letter without confusion or perturbation, they  
must be as devoid of *feeling* as they are of *principle*.

From the Virginia Patriot.

TO WILLIAM PINKNEY, ESQ.

I am a young man, sir, just escaped from the Univer-  
sity and now am entering into the theatre of the great  
world. I have yet taken no part in politics: and feel  
that I stand in need of advice. My determination is to  
be a statesman, and at all risks to rise. Whom shall I  
propose as a model? I have thought of John Quincy  
Adams and yourself as the two most eminent and bril-  
liant examples. He has been a professor, I understand  
in one of the northern universities, but of what I have not  
learned; though I presume of Policy and Forgiveness.  
I have been informed that most of those to the  
northward who are able to give their sons a liberal edu-  
cation are of federal politics; and as federal politics are  
in the back ground, and young men have not so good a  
chance of rising who embrace those principles, it was  
found necessary to have a professor who could teach  
them to rise, let who would govern.

He is at a distance, and it will be inconvenient for  
me to place myself under his tuition: I therefore pro-  
pose, sir, spending a few years with you—My father, sir,  
was a tory at the commencement of our revolution. He  
discovered that the whigs were becoming the most nu-  
merous, and he gradually wheeled round, and soon ob-  
tained an appointment, by which he amassed much  
wealth before peace took place. Previous to the adop-  
tion of the Federal Constitution he was its most bitter  
enemy and in the convention of this state opposed it with  
all his might. As soon however as he discovered that it  
must be adopted he became a warm advocate of it: and  
before it went into operation wrote a long letter to Gen-  
eral Washington assuring that great and good man that  
his opinions were entirely changed; that the evils he ap-  
prehended were all vanished, and that he should support  
it with all his might: at the same time attributing his  
opposition to it rather to the eloquence of Patrick Hen-  
ry than to a due consideration of its merits. As soon  
as the Constitution went into operation, Gen. Washing-  
ton appointed him to a lucrative office, which he held  
during his administration.—He happened unfortunate-  
ly to be a partizan of Jefferson during the contested elec-  
tion between him and Adams in 1796—7.

As soon as it was known that Mr. Adams was elected,  
he joined a federal party convened to celebrate the elec-  
tion, gave a toast highly flattering to Mr. Adams: the  
proceedings and toasts were published; and my father  
enclosed the newspaper containing them to the President  
elect, in a letter congratulating him on his success. My  
father had feared the loss of his office, but there was no  
danger. During the year 1800, perhaps few men endured  
more anxiety than my father, so great were his doubts  
whether Jefferson or Adams would prevail. He was ex-  
tremely cautious in his conversation. When among fed-  
eralists he would hint at the probable injury, perhaps ru-  
in to the constitution, should Jefferson prevail. When  
among democrats he would wink and hope to God that  
the time was coming when sedition acts, and alien acts,  
and standing armies and the whole reign of terror would  
be gone by. When the votes of South Carolina were  
received my father's mind was relieved. He took the  
first stage, went to Washington where Jefferson then  
was; paid him a visit, and returned highly pleased, de-  
claring Mr. Jefferson was the greatest philosopher and  
statesman in the world. The next summer Mr. Jefferson  
gave him a more lucrative appointment, or agency.—  
The year 1808, was another distressing season with him.  
He was a partizan of Col. Monroe, declaring Mr. Mad-  
ison a mere sophist, a man of no firmness and little tal-  
ents; but Col. Monroe's affairs being rather in a bad  
way, and there being little prospect of his success, my  
father abated his fervor, and soon was an open advocate  
for Madison. Mr. Madison in 1809 gave him an addi-  
tional contract.

My father, sir, last winter was taken sick and died.  
Previous to his decease he was several days confined to  
his bed, by the side of which I frequently sat and read  
to him the newspapers. The last paper that I read to  
him was a National Intelligencer, containing your long  
letter to the most noble Marquis Wellesly, in which  
you strive against wind and tide, truth and fact, to prove  
that the Berlin and Milan decrees were bonafide repeal-  
ed. When I had finished the letter, he clasped his hands  
together, threw his eyes upwards, and thanked God that  
he had at last found a politician after his own heart,  
with whom he could safely entrust his son. "That  
man," said he, "knows how to rise; he will yet be the  
president of the United States: seek his acquaintance,  
James; study law with him, and learn from him the ma-  
ny bye paths by which a wise man is sure to find his  
way to the top of the mountain: Philip rejoiced that  
his son Alexander was born in the same age, that he  
might receive the instructions of Aristotle; not less do  
I, now dying, rejoice that you are born in an age when  
you can attend to the precepts and follow the example  
of William Pinkney." He grew faint and died, grasp-  
ing my hand uttering, "Pinkney, James, Pinkney."

From that time, I have been hesitating between your-  
self and Mr. Adams, and doubting under which to learn  
to be a complete statesman. But since I have seen a  
letter of yours dated London, September 21st, 1808, di-  
rected to Mr. Madison, then secretary of State, written  
in the very nick of time when you must be Vicar of Bray  
or an ambassador; and since I have read your recanta-  
tion and solemn renunciation of Federalism, delivered at  
Annapolis, I have dropped all thoughts of Adams, and  
am resolved to follow the dying advice of my sagacious  
parent.

You declare, Sir, that you are "warmly and sincerely  
attached to the political conduct and principles of that  
GREAT, GOOD and EXCELLENT man that  
presides over the public affairs of this nation," and  
that you are "firmly determined to support the democra-  
tic republican principles which governed the political con-  
duct of the present and late administrations." Here,  
Sir, you discover the most profound wisdom. Can Mr.  
Madison read those declarations, and this lofty encomi-  
um on yourself, and not feel his bosom throbbing and  
expanding with pleasure and gratitude? Will he feel  
grateful, and not reward? No, Sir, in a short time some  
important office will be bestowed on you. What though  
Washington was once pretendedly respected by you;  
and what though he has deliberately pronounced these  
democratic principles and the party to which you now  
with such cunning frankness and studied publicity ad-  
here, the curse of this country; he has gone to his grave,  
and cannot witness our political apostasy.

I propose, Sir, to tarry with you three years. It now  
only remains for you to state the terms on which you  
will unfold to me all the secrets and principles of the art  
of rising. You must teach me how to preserve a steady  
countenance, and not blush when an honourable man,  
who knows my treachery, meets me in the street, and  
looks me full in the face: how to check the suggestions  
of virtue, and silence the whisperings of conscience; how  
to flatter and favour when preferment is at hand. But  
one thing in particular must be taught me, which if you  
do not now understand, I doubt not you will as soon as  
becomes necessary; supposing, which indeed I very  
much fear, Mr. Madison and his party should be stripped  
of power, and Washington times roll round again; how  
shall we escape the contempt, and neglect of those who  
will succeed them? But why doubt? Your experience  
must have taught you, or I might ask, An nihil in me-  
tus tot rerum proficiis usu? which I certainly have not  
reason to suppose.

Hoping, Sir, that you will shortly be rewarded for  
your spirited renunciation of the school of Washington,  
and rise to the first offices in the gift of your country;  
that your name will go down to "posterity's posteri-  
ors;" that the names of Jefferson and Tom Paine, Mad-  
ison and Duane, Pinkney and Callender, may be known  
to the tip end of the tail of immortality, and ne plus ul-  
tra of the stream of time; and that I shall, in

My little bark, attend out sail,

Pursue the triumph and partake the gale.

I remain, Sir, with the most profound respect for the  
versatility of your talents, yours,

JAMES TWIST.

Culpepper county, Vir. August 14.  
P. S. Don't you think Bob Smith a paltry states-  
man?

"Rotation in office," about which so much was once  
said, is about to be the order of the day in Massachu-  
setts. The democrats, we are informed, are determined  
that Gerry shall not govern next year; nor will any of  
the most important offices be filled as they are at pres-  
ent. We understand that the following is a pretty accu-  
rate list of candidates

Tom Webb, Governor;  
John Brazier, Lieutenant Governor;  
Darius Boardman, Secretary of State;  
Ebenezer Clough, Attorney General;  
And, to cap the climax,  
Ichabod Frost, Treasurer!!!

His Excellency and Aids move at the head of themi-  
lary of the Commonwealth—from whom knowledge and  
appearance of military are equally removed.

The real soldier, while he *denounces* them as military  
men, may with irresistible aptitude *pronounce* them, a  
trio of baked apples with *loco* motion.

N. B. Their courage and skill in the wars of *Venus*  
are not doubted—nor do we suggest that *mental imbecili-  
ty* necessarily results from *body's insignificance*.

A certain circumstance of late, evinces the existence  
of *certain powers* in one of their Lilliputian Highnesses,

Who can be so foolish as to suppose that our present  
rulers are not the best and wisest men in the country?  
Accursed be he that doubts it.

John B. Colvin has written several letters to prove  
that Jefferson and Madison are wise and virtuous men,  
and that Robert Smith is a rogue and a fool—and J.  
B. Colvin is an honourable man.

Mr. Pinkney has written a letter to the governor of  
Maryland, declaring his approbation of their conduct  
—and Mr. Pinkney is an honourable man.

Mr. Charles Pinkney Sumner has written a letter to  
the editors of the Boston Gazette, declaring that he never  
doubted the integrity of Mr. Jefferson or Mr. Madison  
—and Mr. Charles Pinkney Sumner we all know is  
an honourable man!

A certain newly-created Town Advocate, immediat-  
ly on qualifying himself for office, moved that a *capias*  
might be sent to compel the attendance of a jurymen.  
It is well known that a writ of this sort is never issued  
except in cases where persons have treated the court with  
contempt; yet this "thorough-going" republican, this  
friend of civil liberty, wished to mark the first of his of-  
ficial acts, by an absolute exercise of tyranny—Such,  
Freemen of Massachusetts, are your republican leaders.  
O tempora! O mores!

The little colonel, alias the able Advocate, met with  
a rebuff not long since. A Mr. B. who frequently  
pleads his own cause, was sitting in the bar of the court  
house with some old and respectable professional gentle-  
man, when the little pettifogger entered the bar to take  
his seat. On perceiving Mr. B. he in a very preumptu-  
ous manner, ordered him to "march off!" Mr. B. be-  
ing somewhat irritated, told him that the bar where he  
properly belonged was behind them—pointing to the  
criminal's seat!

The puny advocate made extraordinary exertions last  
March meeting to obtain the appointment which his pa-  
triotic father has now given him; but it was all to no  
purpose. The town of Boston was determined that her  
temples of justice should not be disgraced by "whore-  
mongers and adulterers." What must people think in  
our sister states, when they are told that corruption has  
made such rapid strides among us, that there is more  
virtue in one single town than there is in the whole col-  
lected wisdom of the State?

Important.—War is declared from the tip end of Ho-  
ne's goose-quill, and reiterated by Patriot David; hostil-  
ities will be commenced by Gun-Boat, No 1, under the  
command of Captain Tom Webb! Thanks to the  
Hero of Carter's Mountain for the invention of gun-  
boats; with this invincible force we defy the whole En-  
glish Fleet! *My voice is still for War!*

From the Hampshire Gazette.

# A SKETCH OF GRIEVANCES WHICH LOUDLY CALL FOR REDRESS OR REMOVAL.

1. It is a grievance that money is scarce; but a greater one that honesty is scarce.

2. It is esteemed a grievance if industrious men, in a land of plenty, cannot procure a comfortable support in the pursuit of a necessary and lawful calling which they practically understand: But it is a real and great grievance and injury to the public as well as to those individuals, that such men should be, by those in power, unnecessarily and wantonly prohibited the pursuit of such callings.

3. It is a grievance to an honest man to be in debt and unable to pay: But it augments his grief to be thrown into prison and have no means of release.

4. It is a grievance to be under the government of unprincipled men: It augments the grief if we had a hand in setting them up; and it caps it if they prove traitors to their country.

5. It is a grievance that people should be imposed on by artful men, and make such the guardians of the public welfare; and it is still more grievous, if abandoning a regard for the public; they adopt and pursue such measures as tend to its ruin.

6. It is a grievance to have weak rulers: But a greater to have artful wicked ones, who will "lead the people to err and destroy the way of their paths."

7. It is a grievance to be under the government of an old and foolish man, who fancies that he is wise, and will not hearken to wise counsels and admonitions: But it augments the grievance if he greedily listens to flatterers and sycophants.

8. It is grievous to have an old dotard in the chair of state, who calculates and endeavours to put down good men from places of trust and authority, and fill their places with men of a different character: But it is more grievous when those whom we appoint to guard our rights, sanction his base and wicked plans and proposals.

9. It is grievous to wise and good men to foresee evil coming on the community, and have no power to prevent it: But it is more grievous to see the people actually "broken with a great breach and grievous blow" and find themselves involved in the calamity.

10. It is a grievance that legislators or rulers should "decree unrighteous decrees, and write grievous laws, which they have prescribed," and that with impunity; though we know that "woe" will be "upon them hereafter." But the grievance is augmented to those who feel the deepest effects from such decrees.

11. It is a grievance "that proceedeth from the ruler, that servants are set on horseback, and princes left to walk as servants on the ground—folly set in dignity and wisdom in low place"—faithful worthy men displaced from office and mean men of a servile disposition put in their places.

12. It is a grievance to have rulers strain and twist the laws to oppress the upright and favor the wicked: and it is not a less grievance when rulers or legislators "frame mischief and establish iniquity by law."

13. Natural blindness is a great grievance; it deserves compassion, and must be endured with patience: But wilful blindness is without apology or excuse, and merits no commiseration.

14. It is a grievance when legislators or rulers want wisdom to discern the much greater one, when they do know it, and yet through prejudice or some unworthy motives, they will not attend to it, but pursue measures injurious to honest men and the public.

15. It is grievous to wise and upright men to see an artful knave lead ten fools by the nose: But is more grievous to see honest men led into snares and fatal reverses by such.

16. It is grievous to live under a tyrannical government: But it augments the grievance if it comes upon us by our own choice, negligence or folly: For in that case the reflections on our own misconduct will be much more severe and bitter, than if it was unavoidable.

17. It is a grievance to be under many tyrants at once; because it is easier managing one tyrant or getting rid of him than many.

18. A great tyrannical ruler is a great grievance: but a host of petty tyrants under him greatly augment the grievance, because they will plunder more and be more mischievous, and elude all responsibility.

19. It is a grievance that men should be delegated to legislate for a great people, who are utterly unacquainted with the fundamental principles of law and jurisprudence; and it augments the grievance when ignorant men are delegated upon party principles, merely to carry a point.

20. It is a grievance that men should be influenced more by party, prejudice and passion, than by reason and truth: But this has been the case; and probably will be while artful knaves systematically unite and exert themselves to blind and mislead men, and knowing virtuous men trust to the goodness of their cause, and use either none or very feeble exertions to dispel these mists of darkness.

21. It is a grievance that bad men are more numerous than good ones: But this has ever been the case and probably will be until the commencement of the Millennium.

22. It is a grievance that foreign influence is more prevalent than patriotism: for it tends to ruin: But alas! its prevalence is owing to the secret wiles of modern Illuminism.

23. It is a grievance that so many prefer darkness to light: But when men's hearts and lives are evil, they

will more easily be bewildered by errorists and illuminists.

24. It is a grievance that men will not see the danger of ruin, when it evidently impends them. But where a nation is devoted to ruin, blindness leads the way to it.

25. It is a grievance that our nation is so greatly divided, and a sad omen of ruin; and what augments the danger is the numbers that are on the wrong side.

26. It is a grievance that the worst men are full of virulence against the best: But this will be the case so long as Satan rules in the hearts of the children of disobedience and leads them captive at his pleasure.

27. It is a grievance that our nation does not take warning nor profit by the calamities of others. This shows great stupidity, blindness and want of wisdom.

28. It is a grievance that flourishing states should lose their freedom: But this has come to pass by their being betrayed by wicked leaders in whom they reposed confidence, and discovered not their error until it was too late to remedy it.

29. It is a grievance to see the wicked triumph: But it is a great consolation that their triumphing will be short.

30. It is a grievous woe to the inhabitants of the earth that the devil is come down with great rage and turns things upside down: But by this it is evident that he hath but a short time.

Whoever will plainly and clearly point out the way whereby these grievances may be easily and utterly removed, without violence or tumult, will be justly esteemed, a wise and good man, and a true patriot.

## C. WILLIAMS,

No. 2, STATE-STREET,

Has for sale, the following works in

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THE

No. 5]

BOSTON,

Saturday, September 1

## Second Edit

PRIVATE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

[By LEWIS GOLDSMITH, a gentleman at Paris.]

[Continued.]

Bonaparte studies Machiavel for his and the compeer Machiavel for his own Machiavelian principles, he tries to gild his crimes, and his friends or partisans have lectured. Like the Roman Emperor Nero, he destroys all those who knew him who were in a wretched condition I have already described poor recommendation to any person acquainted with him; I know three men, old play-mates of his, now in durance whose only crime consisted in reminding him of his former acquaintance. Even two of them were exiled to the Isle of Rho for slyly hissing him.

Arena, his cousin and countryman, cured him a commission in the army, retained old Madam Bonaparte at Marseilles, the present Emperor of the Great Empire, a pair of whole shoes to wear, was full of an accomplice in a pretended plot to murder the Opera, and was in consequence wantonly destroyed. His real crime was his cousin, and he has too many cousins.

This nefarious hypocrite, of whom "Cuius libet rei simulator at que dissimulatio" much to affect Frederic the Great: takes snuff like him, very frequently on coat pocket. He waddles in imitation of family, and has learned to dance, because Louis the XIVth danced.

Immediatly after his coming to the throne, he went shooting and hunting, which he never did in his life, but which he now did to honor Monarchs.

He effects a language peculiar to himself that some of his own words, which he addresses to the Senate, or any other state, may be re-echoed in their replies to all France and Europe must believe that thinker and a profound reasoner. When trifling expression in the presence of his officers, in which there is any kind of resemblance at any time fallen from Henry IV. of Prussia, the comparison is immediately drawn and unanointed Philosophers.

A French newspaper, after observing the H. d. has nothing to distinguish him from the H. d. or George the 1st. says. "One the Monarch should make known his characteristics, his very passions. One loves to eat but especially those words which escape have not been laboured by reflection, they come from his heart and not from the Cabinets. Henry IV had his language, and his Napoleon has his, each of them speaking to peculiar data," &c. &c.

No new piece can be performed at any theatre unless approved of by his Imperial Majesty. The scene can be painted for the Opera, examining the drawing. Like Scylla Histrius; Roscius was the constant at Roman Tyrant, as Talma, the tragic French Tyrant.

It has been supposed that this great Statesman and Philosopher, is exempt from sensuality. We shall now see how far it is. He has two inconsistent propensities, which found united in the same man; he has a moral intercourse with women, but he has himself addicted to that vice of which Henry France is accused. In this vice he is very much aided by his Prince Arch Chancellor Camille Desmoulins, who should not wonder if he should, like his predecessor, marry a boy.

He has been guilty of the most nefarious crimes of decency; he lived in a state of undecent cohabitation with two of his sisters Mesdames Borghese; the former made a public boast of her well known also that Madame Louis, daughter of the late empress Josephine, having